

Color Picture Book

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

WESTERN

Featuring His Stallion
BLACK JACK

MAY
10¢
NO. 1



**FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE,
ROCKY LANE, MOVIE HERO OF WESTERN THRILLERS!**

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky ⁱⁿ Renegade's Ambush

"TUMBLE DOWN!" The most fearsome cry to ring in the ears of the early settlers of the Wild West, sending blood-curdling chills racing down their spines as they sighted down rifle barrels and revealed themselves to meet the threat of the Tomahawk, the War Arrow and the Scalping Knife in merciless warfare.

Such was the challenge that sent the indomitable ROCKY LAINE racing rough shod down the gun-smoke trail for a six gun showdown in **"RENEGADE'S AMBUSH!"**



A T THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE IN TEXAS

"COMANCHES WIFE OUT WAGON TRAIN!" READ ALL ABOUT IT!

BROTHER AGASSIST! THE WAGON TRAINS WILL HAVE TO BE HARDER SAVED AND IS GOING TO SEE THAT THEY ARE! TAKE A MESSAGE TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL!

YES SIR, GOVERNOR!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY LANE, STAMPAER PUTTER
THAT AS HE BEEN TELLIN' TALL
STORIES ALL MY LIFE, ANYBODY WOULD
BELIEVE IT, BUT IT'S AN UGLY TO TELL
THE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT AS
JUST DUN, AND HE REMEMBERED THE
BIGGEST LANE WEST OF THE
MOUNTAINS!

THAT'S, IT
WASNT ANYMORE
THAN ANYONE
WOULDVE DONE!

CONGRATULATIONS, YOUNG MAN!
I SAW THE WAY YOU HANDLED THOSE
ATTACKING SINGET HANDED! WHAT'S
YOUR NAME?

ROCKY LANE,
SIRRENDER! BUT DON'T
FORGET BLACK JACK, AND
THE OTHER THING. THEY
PLAYED A HAND, TOO!

ROCKY LANE, I'VE I WITH YOUR
RECONNOITRE TAKING THAT JOB
I OFFERED YOU? NOW ABOUT IT?

NO PROBLEM I'VE HANDS
GOVERNOR! BUT I SAID,
I'M GOING TO TELL A
REAL ONE! SITT DOWN,
BLACK JACK!

A few days later...

THERE'S NOTHING AT LAST! I'M ONE
ONE OF THOSE SECRET JOURNAL JOBS
IS STILL DRIVING HARDY TO DISAPPOINT
THE GOVERNOR, BUT THERE'S
THE JOB YOU WANT!

WELL, BLACK JACK, HE IS
HE ARNT SOME MORE
NOT TOO LATE!

EXCUSE ME, GENTLE! IS THIS WHAT
A FELLOW JOIN THE MARCHAL?

THAT GENTLEMAN! THIS
IS WHAT THEY
TRY!

WHEN! LET ME TROUBLE,
FORST! DO ONE TO SIGN UP
AS A MARCHAL!

SO WOULD THE FIRST OF
TWO! HE'S AN APPLICATION
BLACK... TELL IT OUT ONE
THE FIRST!

HERE YOU ARE,
BUT WHEN
DO I START?

NOT SO FAST, SON!
WATCHING ARE MEN
OF ACTION... AND
ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER
THAN WORDS! FOLLOW
ME! I AM TO GIVE YOU
ALL A LITTLE TEST ON
THE FINE ART OF
"SHUFFLE LEATHERS"!





BEST COPY AVAILABLE

THE **WALL** AT THAT MOMENT IN JEROME
WAS AN OCEAN. AND IT WAS THE
OCEAN OF THE FUTURE. AND IT WAS THE
OCEAN OF THE PAST.

IT'S A GOOD, I THINK, THE PRINCIPLE OF A LIVING... AFTER ALL, AFTER THE CHALLENGE OF THE MARCH.

[illegible]

THEY GOT THE GARDEN' COULD
[AFTER] COULD BE HAND! THE
BUT NOT ARE NATURE IN A CHANCE
WITH THE GARDEN' ASSUMPTION
[AFTER] THEY'D [GIVE] THEIR
BY THE GARDEN' [GIVE] THEIR

**YOU'VE SET YOUR BOTTLE DOOR!
THAT'S NOT A DOOR! WE LEFT A LOT
TO TELL OF TWO THINGS! THE BOTTLE'S
MADE OF PLASTIC, NOT GLASS. (EACH
AND WE'VE ADDED THE ADVERT)**

100

THAT'S HOW
LIKE TO TALK
WE'VE GOT
TO DO

100

What? That's
not it,
I'm not

WAGON
TEAM
PULLING OUT
FOR THE BEST
FLAVOR OF
FREE LAND.
SETTLERS,
JOIN UP!
By The
Editors

A NEW BOTTLE LATER, AS THE BOTTLE
NEARLY STARTS OUT THE AIR-CLAMPED-
BOTTLE... BOTTLE... BOTTLE...

"How can you compare
 copyright? Art?"
 GUY

▶ THE HOUSE REPEALS WOMAN PENITENTIARY AND JAIL
 DEBATES ARE HEARD THROUGHOUT THE DAY

AFTER FISHING WITH BASS
 TERMINAL, IOWA/ DR. BARRY
 THE FISH IN CHARGE OF MY BASS
 PAGE 2 SPORT ON BASS DOG

BA, BA! THE POOLS DON'T
SUPPORT A THING! NOW FOR
A DISCUSS WITH THE COMMANDER
FOR WHATEVER OUT- BRIGGING
THOSE POOLS WHO THINK
"SMELL WITH ME!"
AND FOR BRUTE
AND FOR JUDGE!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN







POOF-BEATS! THAT HORSE—
SPOOKS. ANYWAY! BUT SPELLS
ONE THING... BUFFALO! ON
THE STAMPEDE!



IT TAKES A YEAR OF SPOOKING
UP TO GET BUFFALO TO STAMPEDE
AT NIGHT! AND I AM TO FIND OUT
ABOUT IT. ANYWAY! GET
GOING, BLACK JACK!



AS THOSE FIRST HORSE LEAVE, THE
STAMPEDE TRAIL, HE MAKES A
STARTLING DISCOVERY.

UNEXPECTED HORSE TRAILS! HEAR THE
THUDS... ABOUT BUCKING HORSE!
THIS IS MOST STRANGE! WHEN SUCH
CONSIDERS TO TAKE
MORE CARE THAN
THEY COULD FOR
AT THE TIME!



WHICH, BLACK JACK! THIS IS WHERE WE MUST
CONSIDER! BECAUSE ILL SCOUT AHEAD ON FOOT
FOR A MINUTE. THE
TRAIL LEADS TO THAT
GULCH UP AHEAD!
WAIT HERE
FOR ME!



SAID! THEY'RE DOING THEMSELVES
THAT OUR ROCKY AREA! THEY
MIGHT BE (AND/OR) HOPKINS
FOR A LONG, LONG NIGHT!
IF THEY ARE, THEY'LL GOAT
SLAUGHTERED AS SOON AS
THEY GET THEM ROCKETS!



I'LL GET UP IN
THIS TREE FOR A
GOOD LOOK AT
WHAT'S GOING ON!
SEE SOMETHING
THEY'LL CLEAR UP
THIS AND THAT!



AS ROCKY LOOKS DOWN ON THE SCENE, SOME BEYOND HIM,
SOMEWHERE BEYOND THAT, HE SEES PART - THE HURLED
THUNDERING BOAT OF DRIVING - WHOLE DRUMS!

DRUMS! THE CORNERS
ARE FINE! I'VE GOT A SENSE
WHAT THOSE BUFFALO ARE DOING
TO BE GOOD FOR! THIS
CALLS FOR ACTION!

DRUMS!
DRUMS!
DRUMS!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN









RODDY LANE WESTERN







ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THAT IS TOO MUCH FOR
ANYONE TO HANDLE
ALONE! WE'LL HAVE TO GET
—T TRAMON, BLACK-JACK



YOU TURN LEFT THE
HARD WAY ILL TURN
THE OTHER WAY!



AT THE BEACH, HOW
TIGHT WAS THE CO?



ATTN: BOB BLANCHARD
2001 PINE ST. THURSDAY, ALABAMA
35566-1000



AS THE NEW MOVIE STYLING GOES INTO ACTION WITH BLAKE LEECH AND JENNIFER MOORE, THE STYLING OF "LADDER" BECOMES AN INSTANT CLASSIC. "LADDER"



THESE PROCEEDINGS SHALL BE OPEN TO ALL PERSONS
INTERESTED IN THE MATTER AND TO THE
PUBLIC.

**WIP! WIP! TALK
BACK TO LONDON
AT 10:00 PM**



NOTE: THE MIRRORS ARE CAPSULE IN THE STRAPYON
AND ARE BEING SHIPPED BACK TO THE NEW YORK
BACK IN NEW YORK AND BEING SHIPPED ON
THE BUREAU OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE.



ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROPING 'N' RIDING

WITH
ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE
and AKA STALLION
BLACK JACK

ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE

MRS. BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH BAYFORD AVENUE

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

ROCKY, "POORNERS".

BLACK JACK SAYS "POORNERS", WHICH IS "POOR" SPOKE—IN WORLD LANGUAGE, THAT IS. BLACK JACK AND I WILL BE RIDING-RODE EVERY EVENING MONTH IN THIS ADVENTURE FROM NOW ON TO ENTERTAIN YOU WITH OUR ADVENTURES IN THE WILD WEST.

BLACK JACK AND I JUST CAME BACK TO THE RANCH FROM ANOTHER "JARRY"—DROWN LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA. THIS TIME—WHERE WE WERE THE GUARDS ON BOARD FOR THE STEEL OF ANOTHER NATIONAL, NEWSPAPER SON'S WEEK. WE ARE TIGER AND DUTY FROM THE TOP AND THE GENERAL SON'S-ON, BUT VERY HAPPY.

IT WAS SURE A GREAT TRIP TO PERFORM BEFORE THOSE 2700 BOYS WHO MAY SOME DAY CARRY ON THEIR SHOULDERS THE OUSTINGS OF THEIR FINE CITY, STATE, AND COUNTRY, IN PLACE OF THE PAPER-BACK STRAP THAT BEATS THEIR HOUSING. A WONDERFUL FEELING TO RIDE WITH A BAND LINE THAT AND GET TO KNOW THEM ALL PERSONALLY. IF KING'S MARRIED ON WANT TO TRAVEL, ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, JUST WRITING AND WRITING AND TRAVEL TO MAKE HAPPY ALL THE YOUNG ONES WE CAN. WE CERTAINLY WOULD ENJOY BEING ABLE TO GALLUP AROUND THE COUNTRY AND SHAKE HANDS WITH EACH ONE OF YOU PERSONALLY, BUT THAT'S LIKELY TAKE QUITE A SPELL.

WELL, MAYBE BEFORE VERY LONG WE'LL BE ABLE TO COME YOUR WAY—WHO KNOWS? IN A MOOD, OR ON THE STAGE OF YOUR ADVENTURE THEATRE. BUT UNTIL WE MEET FACE TO FACE AND HAND TO HAND, WE'LL BE IN TOUCH WITH YOU ON THE SCREEN AND THROUGH THE PAGES OF TWO LITTLE BOOKS. BUT UNTIL THEN THIS WILL BE OUR CORNER. EVERY MONTH WHERE BLACK JACK AND I CAN GET TOGETHER WITH ALL OF YOU IN ONE BIG RACE HOME.

WELL, WE'VE GOT TO BE MOVING ALONG NOW, AND DON'T FORGET HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO BE ALIVE IN THESE GREAT UNITED STATES.

UNTIL NEXT MONTH THEN, "POORNERS" ADIOS FROM

YOUR PALE,

Allan "Rocky" Lane
AND
BLACK JACK

P.S. OUR LATEST MOVIE ADVENTURE NOW SHOWING ON YOUR LOCAL SCREEN IS "ARRIVAL OF A BARRAGE".

ONE-MAN POSSE

By Walt Farmer

ONE of the brand butters had said, "He squeals like an old stable door," and folks had called him Squeaky ever since.

He didn't mind. They could call him a galscat or a disgruntled baboon as long as they let him stay with the outfit and learn how to be a cowboy.

Besides, he figured that when his voice changed, maybe they would quit calling him Squeaky. He was 14 and when a boy is 14 his voice is likely to change most any day, Squeaky thought. He hoped his voice would be a deep, resonant bass like Tex had. But miserably, he decided he'd get along with the high, squeaky voice he had and not worry about it because he was too busy learning all he could about riding and roping and all the other things a top hand must know.

The boy was none too happy one afternoon. The crew had all ridden away about noon, augmenting a sherrif's posse looking for Purple Mike and his gang. Purple Mike had robbed the bank over in Three Forks and the banker and his teller had been shot dead. Purple Mike was a thunderous badman with a reputation for cattle-rustling, horse-stealing, stage-hold-ups and various other kinds of unbecomings. He was quick on the trigger. There was generally a dead man or two left behind after he pulled a job.

Squeaky wanted to ride with the posse, but the foreman said, "Butter, you ain't right here. We've got to have a good man behind to guard Cooke. Why, if Purple Mike was in El Cooke with slaps we'd all start to death."

The crew all laughed. Squeaky wanted to weep, but he fought manfully against the tears and managed to smile and wave goodbye and good luck to the riders. Then he set to work seriously and helped the cook with his dishwashing, water-carrying and other chores.

But in the early afternoon, when the chores were done and the cook was unloading, the crew hung heavy on Squeaky's hands. He decided to break up on his horsemanship.

Grey Smoke was in the corral. He was

a moody mount. Sometimes he might be as docile as a lamb and then again he might become a tornado on hoofs. Nobody had ever expressly forbidden Squeaky to ride Grey Smoke.

So he saddled and mounted. Grey Smoke was very nice about it. His mood like a statue while the saddle was adjusted. He waited peacefully around inside the corral after the lad was mounted. Then without warning or preamble, he dug his heels in the turf, leaped the corral rail, and headed for the facalls at a gallop.

A high, squeaky, boyish voice kept yelling "Whoa!" But Grey Smoke paid it no mind. Squeaky had all he could do to hang on and stay in the saddle.

On they raced, up and up over rocky terrain and the grade became so steep that even Grey Smoke had to slow down. Then his mood changed and he became playful again. Squeaky was about to turn him and head back for the ranch when he saw a cave.

HREATHERS there a boy with seal on dead that he can cross exploring a cave? Perhaps so, but Squeaky wasn't that boy. He tried Grey Smoke in a stamp of screeching trees nearby, then controlled as, fast to the cave entrance. He went in. He blinked. It was several seconds before his eyes became accustomed enough to the darkness to permit him to see anything. Then he noted that the cave widened out into a moderately large room.

Consisting with the grey rocks was a dark inverted "V" shape at the rear of the cavern. Another opening. Squeaky could walk through it without ducking at all. He entered what seemed to be a smaller cavern, though it was so dark he couldn't see much except blackness. He groped. He stumbled. On hands and knees, he felt for what he had stumbled over. It seemed to be a bag. Squeaky struck a match and then whistled. He had stumbled over a bag of gold!

He had no time to speculate on the treasure. Hooves, footsteps and voices intruded. He felt instinctively the pos-



ence of danger. Somebody was coming into the cave.

In the brief glow of the match light he had noted a narrow crevice, halfway up the cave wall. He mounted into it. It was a tight squeeze, but Squashy made it, and barely in time, for boots were marching into the cave.

THE voices were muffled at first, then clearer. Bending low, three men entered the second cavern. One lit an oil lamp. He pulled the gold bag. "Good ol' gold," he chuckled.

"Keep your grubby mitts off that loot, Jan!" roared another.

"Oh, shucks, Purple Mike. I ain't stealin' it, I'm just feelin' it," responded the first.

Squashy shivered. The name Purple Mike chilled his blood. He realized that he had wandered into the hide-out of the most murderous outlaw in the hills.

"Hey!" continued a third voice. "Look at this footprint. Looks as if somebody's been in here."

Squashy fought to keep his teeth from chattering.

Purple Mike bellowed and looked at the print. Then he quickly extracted the gold to make sure it was all there. "Whoever it is, could be still be here!" somebody asked. The lamp was moved and the men looked into the dark corners of the cave.

"Up there!" one of them pointed to the narrow crevice in which Squashy was hiding. "Could somebody be hidin' up on there?"

The light came down. Squashy's knees were like water.

"Nah," said the voice of Purple Mike. "That hole ain't big enough for nobody but a snake to crawl into."

The lamp moved away and Squashy experienced a sigh. He could tell from the sounds that the men were sitting, probably cold grub. Then one of the men started singing softly and another began making rhythmic noises that sounded quite a lot like a tuba. Squashy peered and saw that the man was blowing across a jug to create the bass effect. The concert didn't last long. Purple Mike growled, "Can the racket. I wants sleep."

Squashy remained in his cramped position for what seemed like hours. A thousand prickly needles seemed to be stabbing his legs. He heard three sets of snoring, snore and echoing in the little cave.

When he felt he couldn't stand the squeeze any more, he decided to take a daring chance. Licking his way out of the crevice, he dropped silently to the

floor. Then he began making his way through the dark to where the opening was. His slowly moving foot prodded against something. He froze, his heart on his mouth. What if he had kicked one of the sleepers?

But the snoring continued regularly. His groping hand felt for what his foot had touched. It was the jug.

He crept on slowly, cautiously, out of the cave. Once he was under the starry sky his first impulse was to get away as fast as he could. But another idea struck him. He searched for a good, stout stick. Then, standing at the side of the cave entrance, he put his daring plan into action.

"Purple Mike!" he yelled. "It's the law. We've got you surrounded. Throw your guns out first, then you can come out, one at a time, with your hands high. Any monkey business and you'll taste lead. I've ordered my men to shoot first and ask questions afterward. Now, throw out those guns!"

There was a scramble of voices inside the cave, then the guns came clattering out.

"All right, now you come out. One at a time. Hands high!"

The men came.

As each stuck his head out of the cave, Squashy tipped him with the club. Not too hard, but hard enough to knock out the outlaw.

With the three murderers lying senseless in the starlight, Squashy raced to Grey Snake, pushed a larret off the porch and returned to tie up the outlaw, efficiently, as he had learned to tie up a calf for branding.

Then he mounted and rode for help.

WITH Purple Mike and his aides safely in jail, the ranchmen all pounded Squashy on the back and said he was a real hero and made him tell again and again how he had managed to capture the terrible trio. After Squashy had told his story for the fifth time, Tex said, "I still don't understand how you could make them think you were the sheriff; not with that squashy voice of yours."

"Oh, that," said Squashy. "Well I had to use a little trick. I kind of muffled down my voice the best way I could. You see, I belched over the mouth of a jug and that made my voice seem low and powerful."

THE END

SLIM PICKENS and "THE HOLDUP"











ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE

and his

STALLION BLACK JACK

Republic Pictures' Star

ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE

AND HIS

STALLION BLACK JACK

